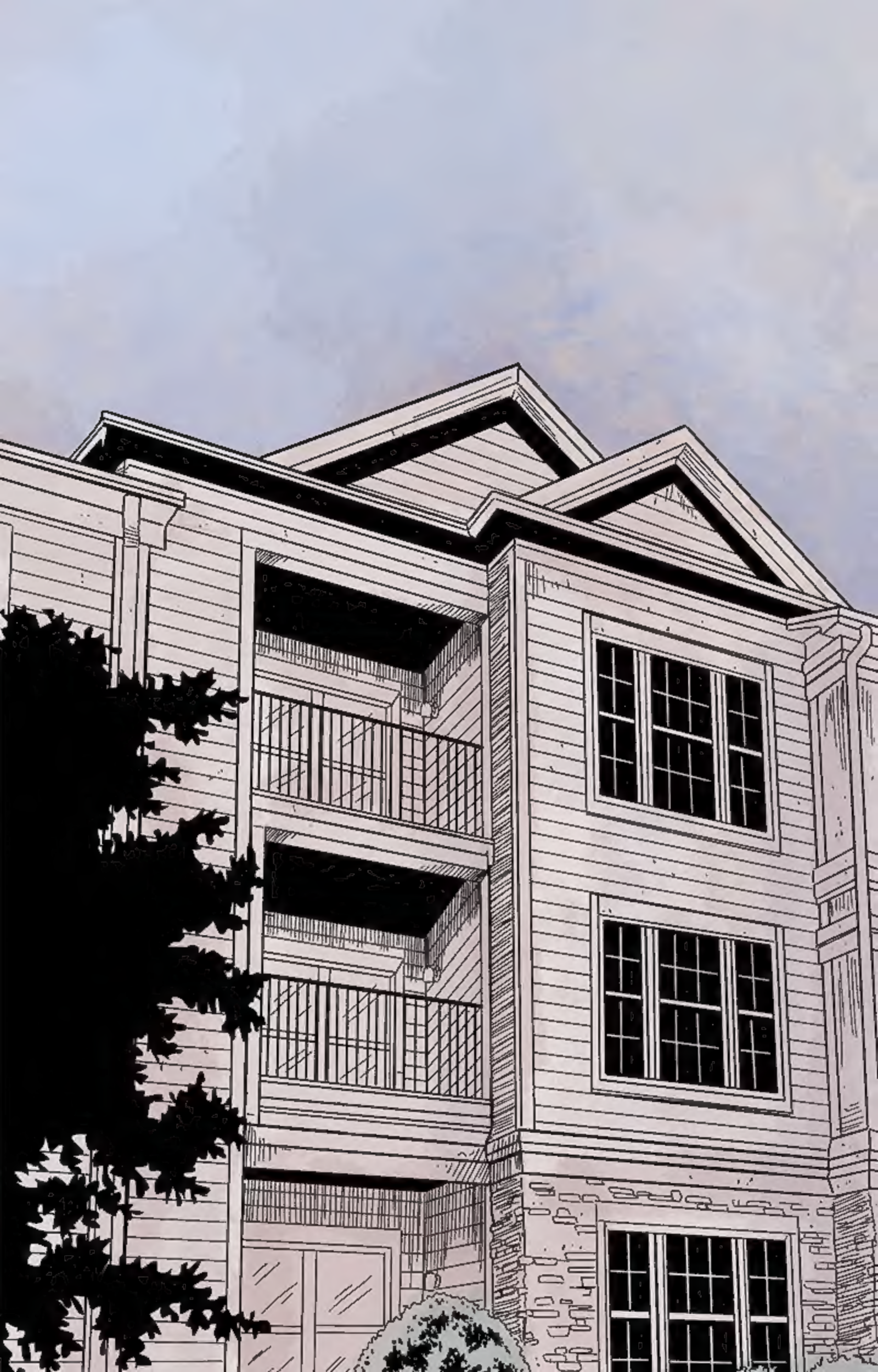
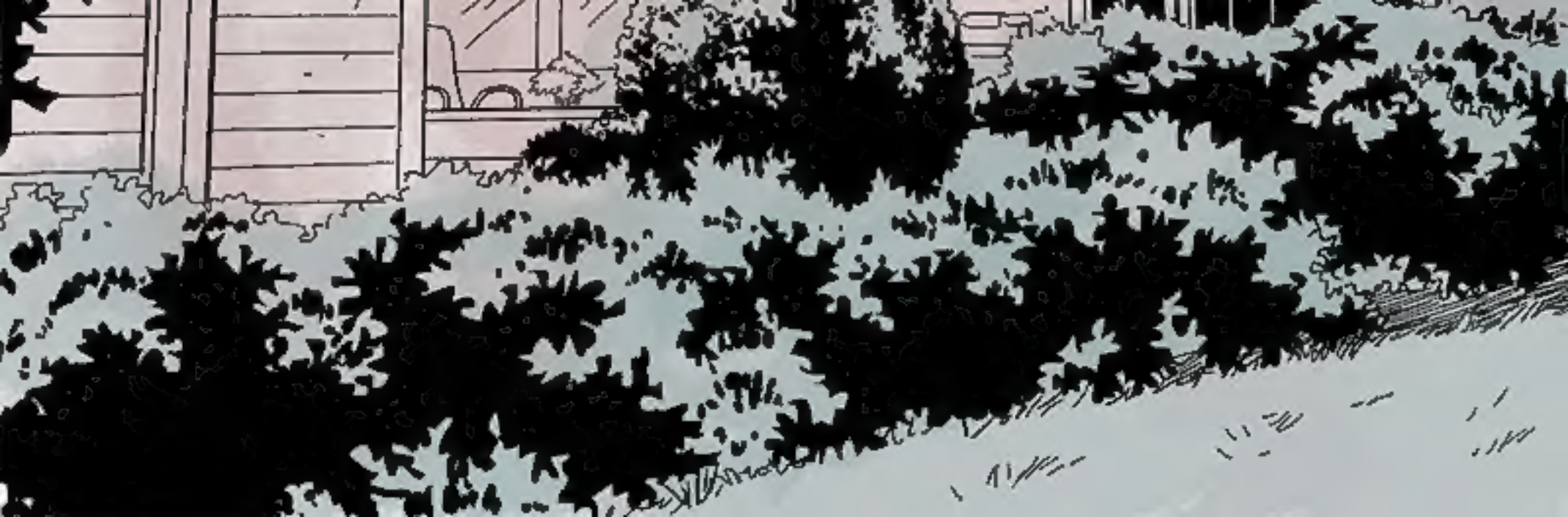






RIIIING...

RIIIING...



COME ON...



RIIIING...

RIIIING...





RIIIING...

RIIIING...

PICK UP...



THE WAY OUT



PART FIVE

I WOKE UP LATE
AND WHEN I LEFT
MY ROOM...

RIIIING...

RIIIING...





RIIIING...

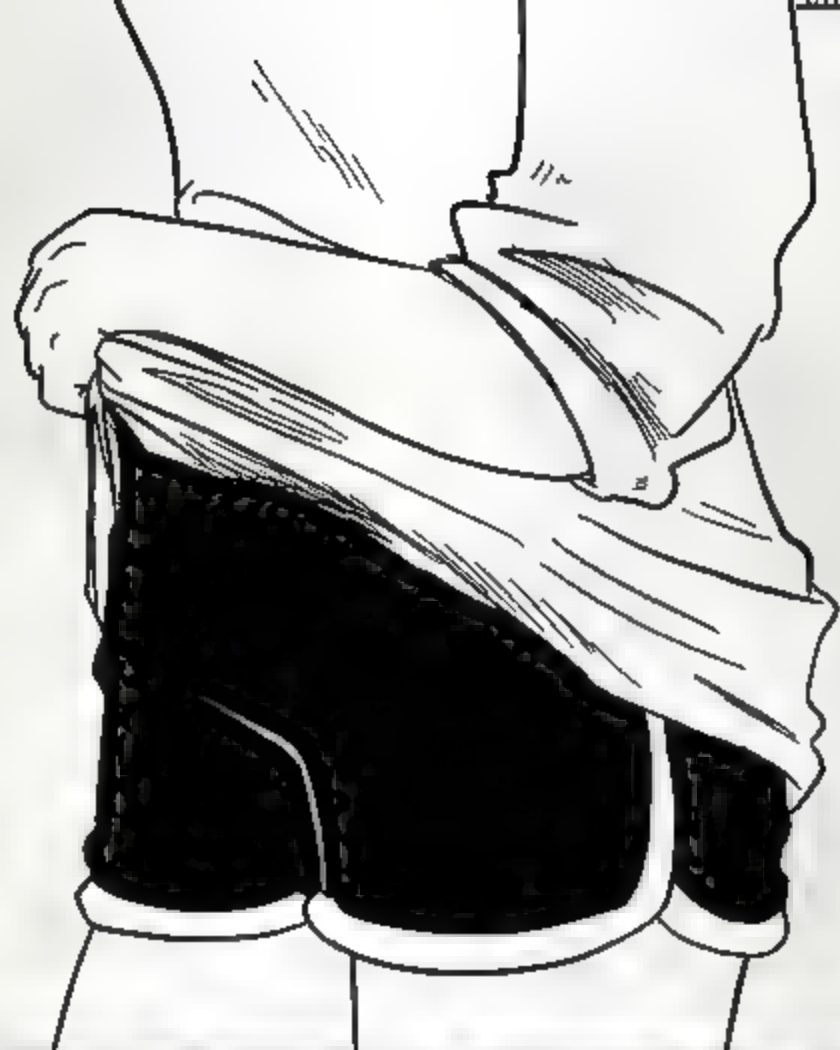
RIIIING...

FELIX WAS GONE.

I THOUGHT WE HAD AN...
LIKE AN AGREEMENT TO
STICK TOGETHER?

AT LEAST, I
THOUGHT WE DID.





SO WHY DID HE JUST
LEAVE WITHOUT EVEN
WAKING ME UP?

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT
THAT HE WOULDN'T
LET ME KNOW
ABOUT IT?

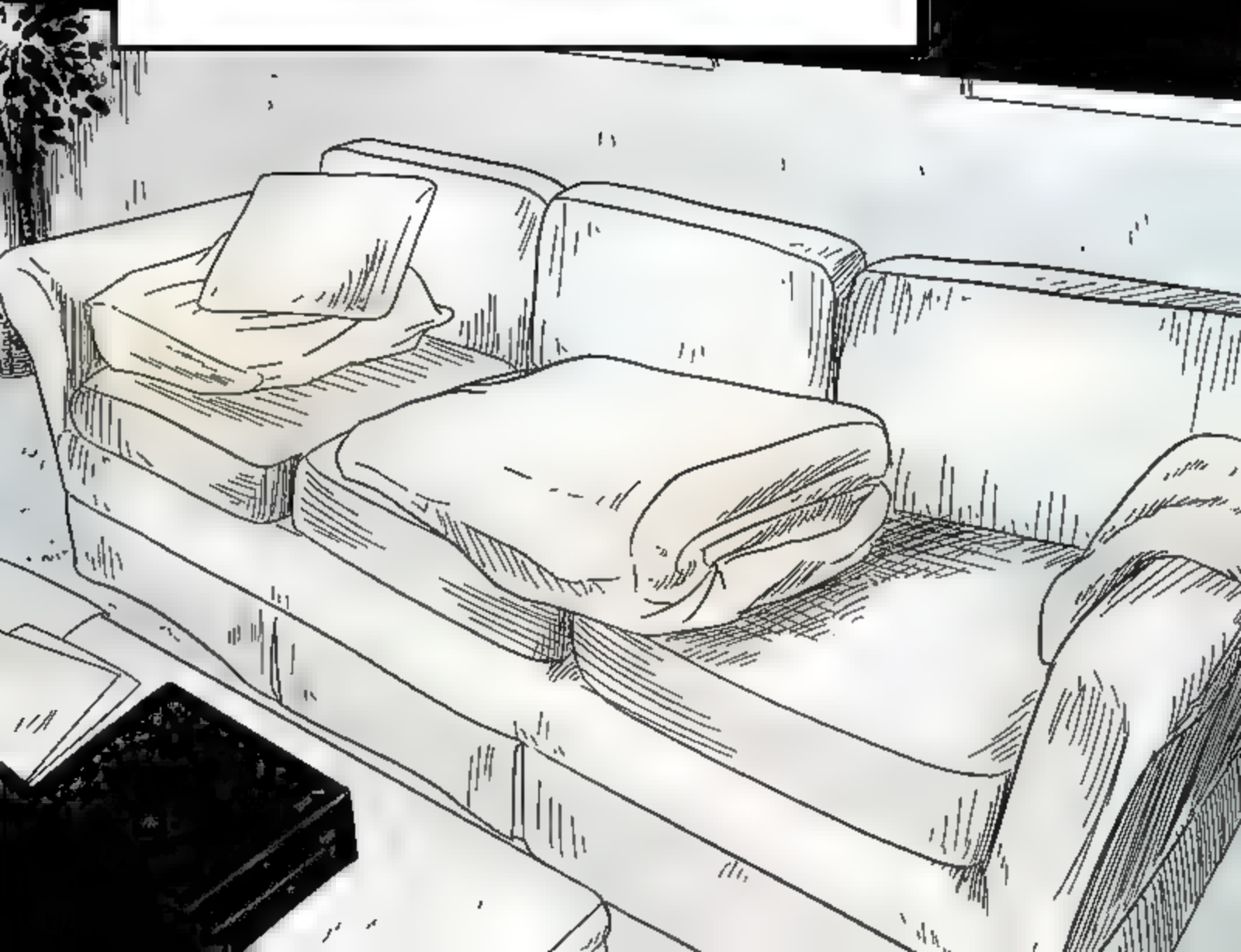


WHERE DID HE
GO?

I ONLY CALLED ABOUT
A THOUSAND TIMES
ALL MORNING...

NOBODY GOES
THIS LONG WITHOUT
CHECKING THEIR
PHONE!

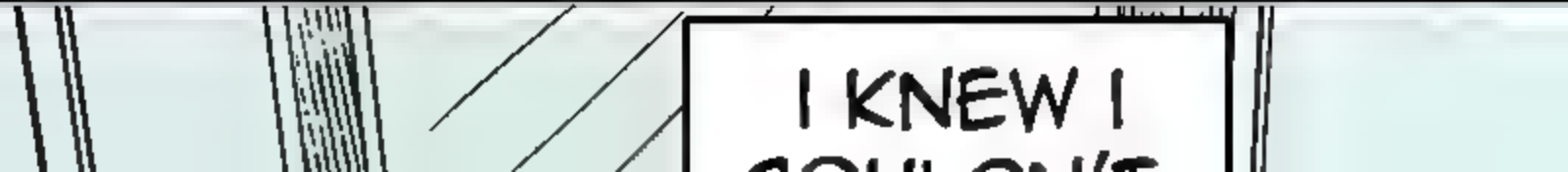
DID HE JUST DECIDE
TO GO BACK TO
HIS PLACE?





BUT HIS
LUGGAGE IS
STILL HERE.

AND HE DIDN'T
PUT THE BEDDING
BACK IN THE
CLOSET OR
ANYTHING...



I KNEW I
COULDN'T

COULDN'T
TRUST HIM.



HOW CAN I
TRUST ANYONE
AT ALL IN THIS
MESSSED-UP
TOWN?

I BARELY KNOW
THE GUY.

ANYWAY, IT'S NOT
LIKE WE DEFINITELY
AGREED HE'D STAY
HERE.

OR THAT HE'D EVEN
STICK AROUND
TO HELP ME.

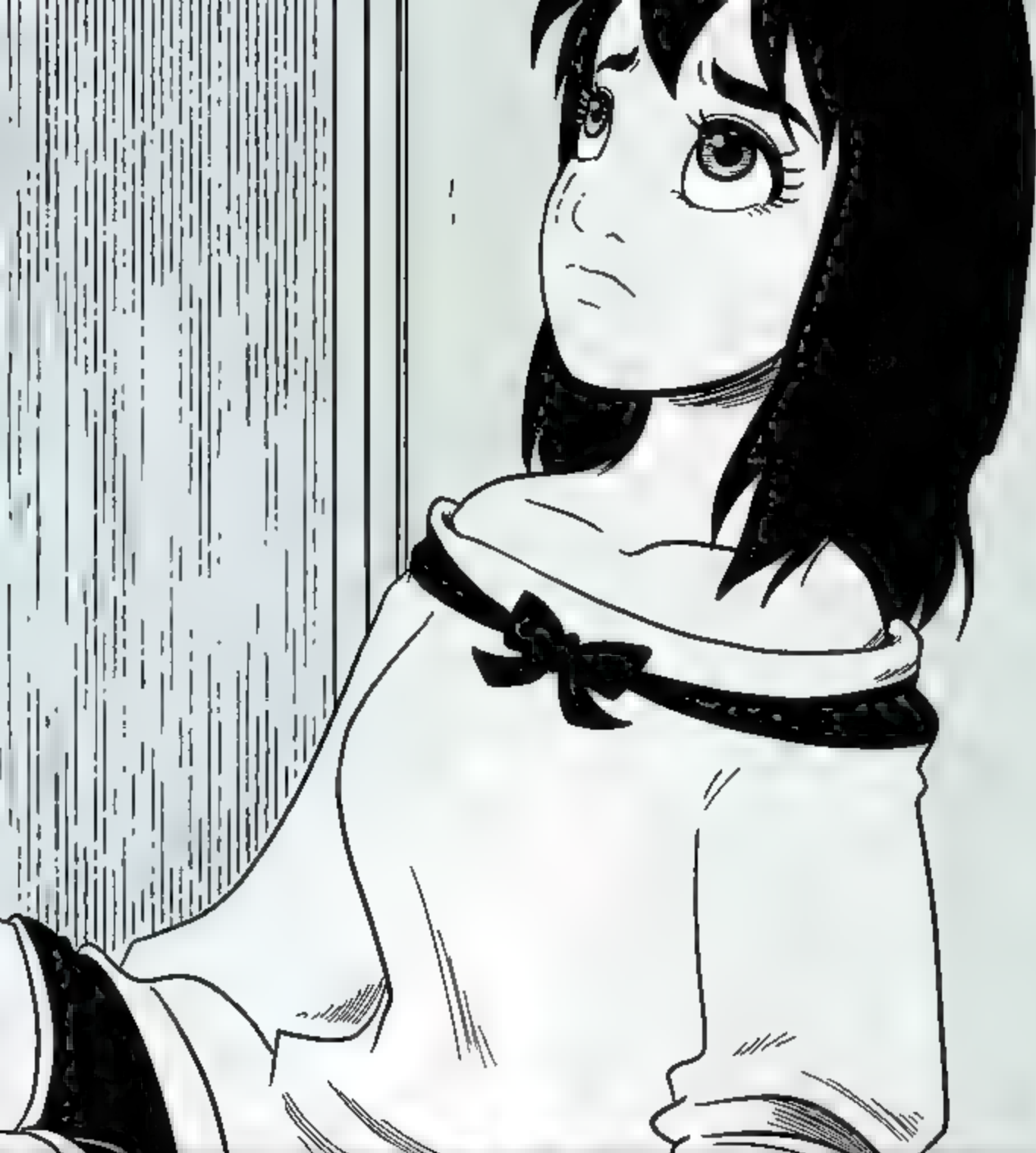
LIGHT, WHY GIVE ME HIS
NUMBER IF HE DOESN'T
ANSWER HIS PHONE?





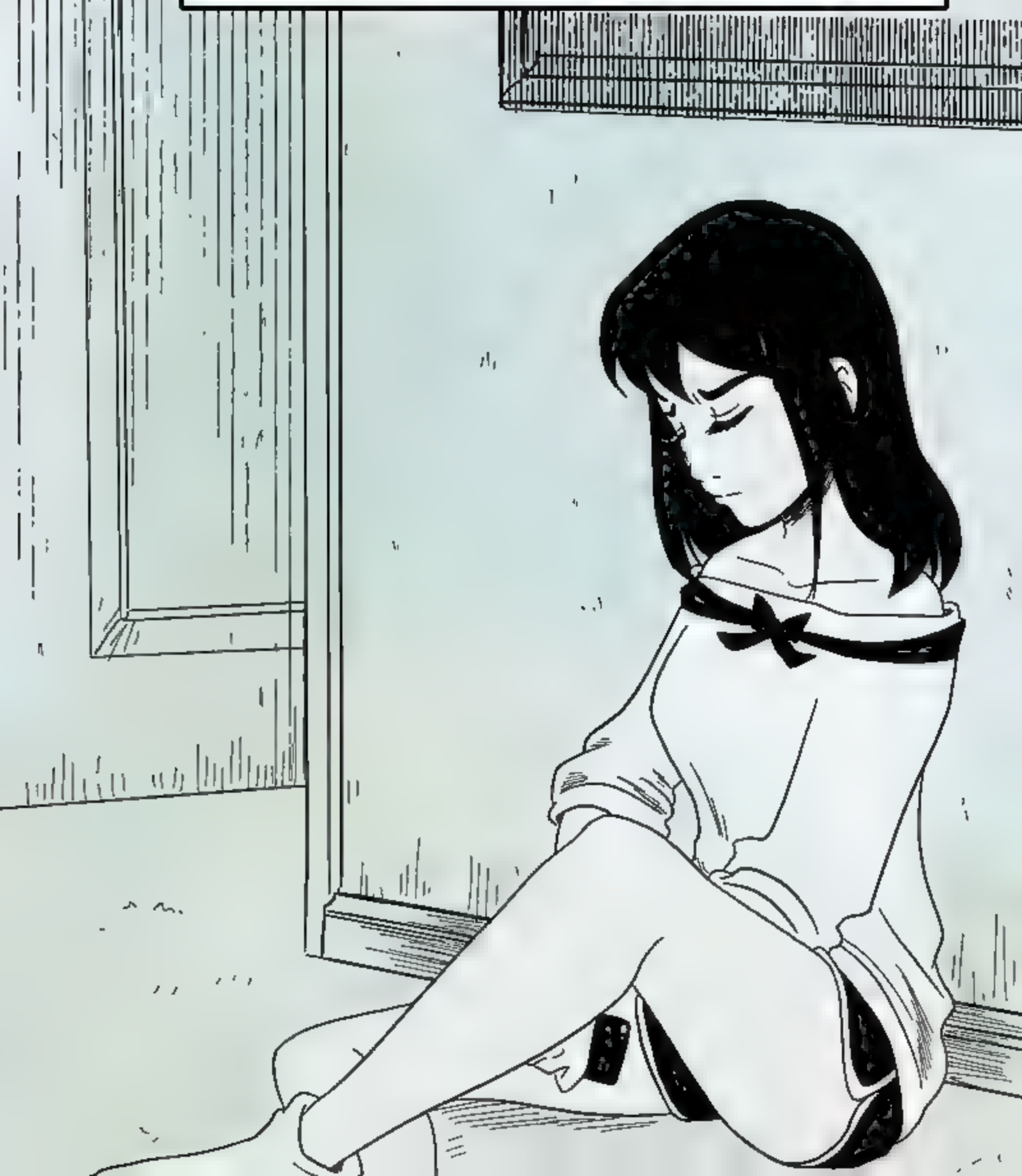
IT'S SO...

I WAS JUST
GETTING USED
TO HAVING HELP.



OR AT LEAST...
SOMEONE
AROUND TO
TALK TO ABOUT
ALL THIS.

BEING LEFT ALONE NOW
FEELS SO MUCH WORSE
THAN WHEN I WAS ON
MY OWN BEFORE.





IT FEELS SO UNFAIR.

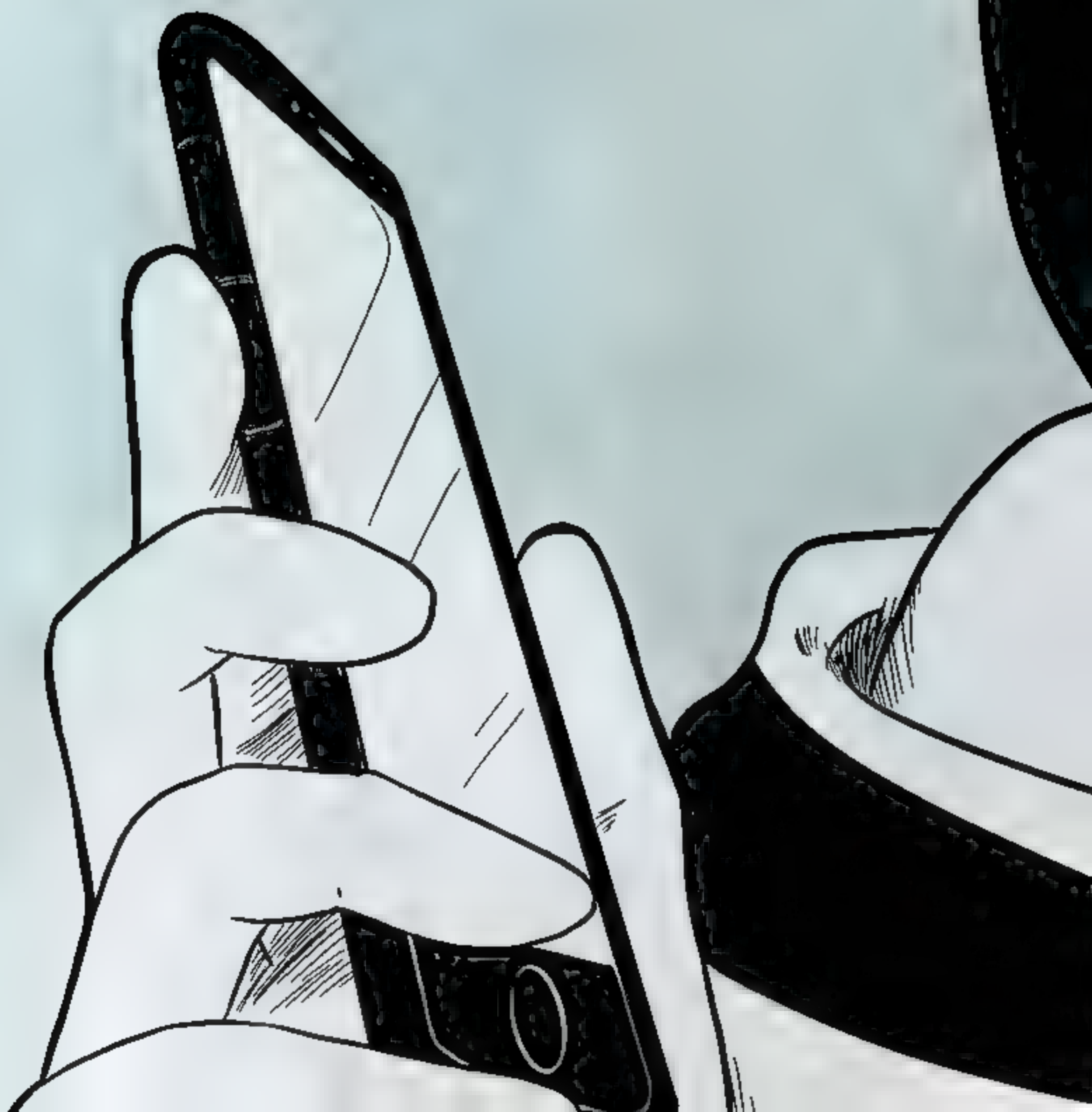
MAYBE IT'S FOR THE
BEST, REALLY.





I CAN'T AFFORD TO
GET DEPENDENT ON
ANYONE.

SCREW IT.
ONE MORE CALL.





BEEP



RIIING

RITTING...

RITTING...

RITTING...

RITTING...

RIIIING...

RIIIING...

RIIIING...

RIIIING...





RIIIING...

RIIIING...

RIIIING...

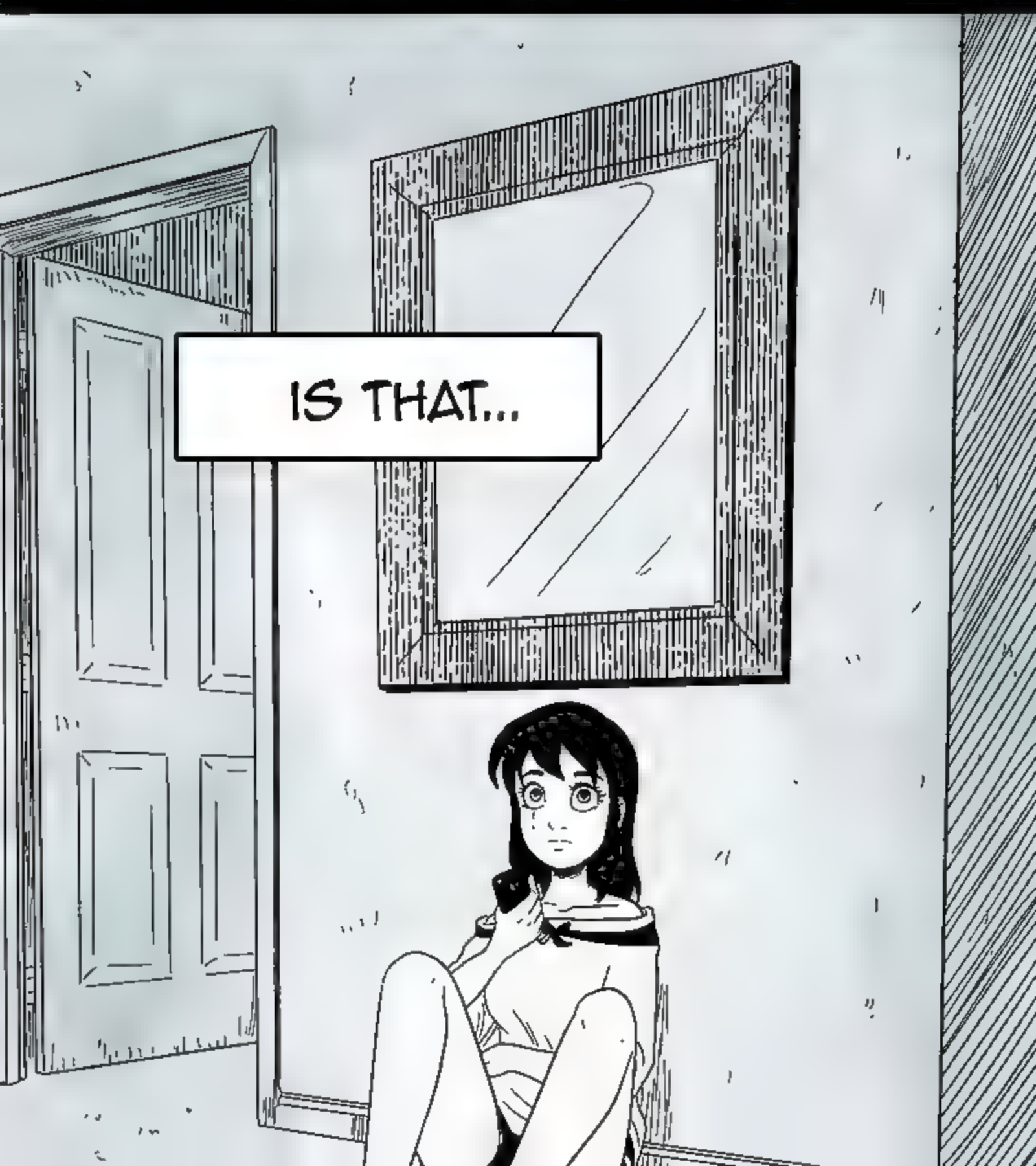
RIIIING...



RIIIING...

RIIIING...

IS THAT...





IS THAT MY
CALL?

RIIIING...

RIIIING...

COMING FROM...

RIIIING...

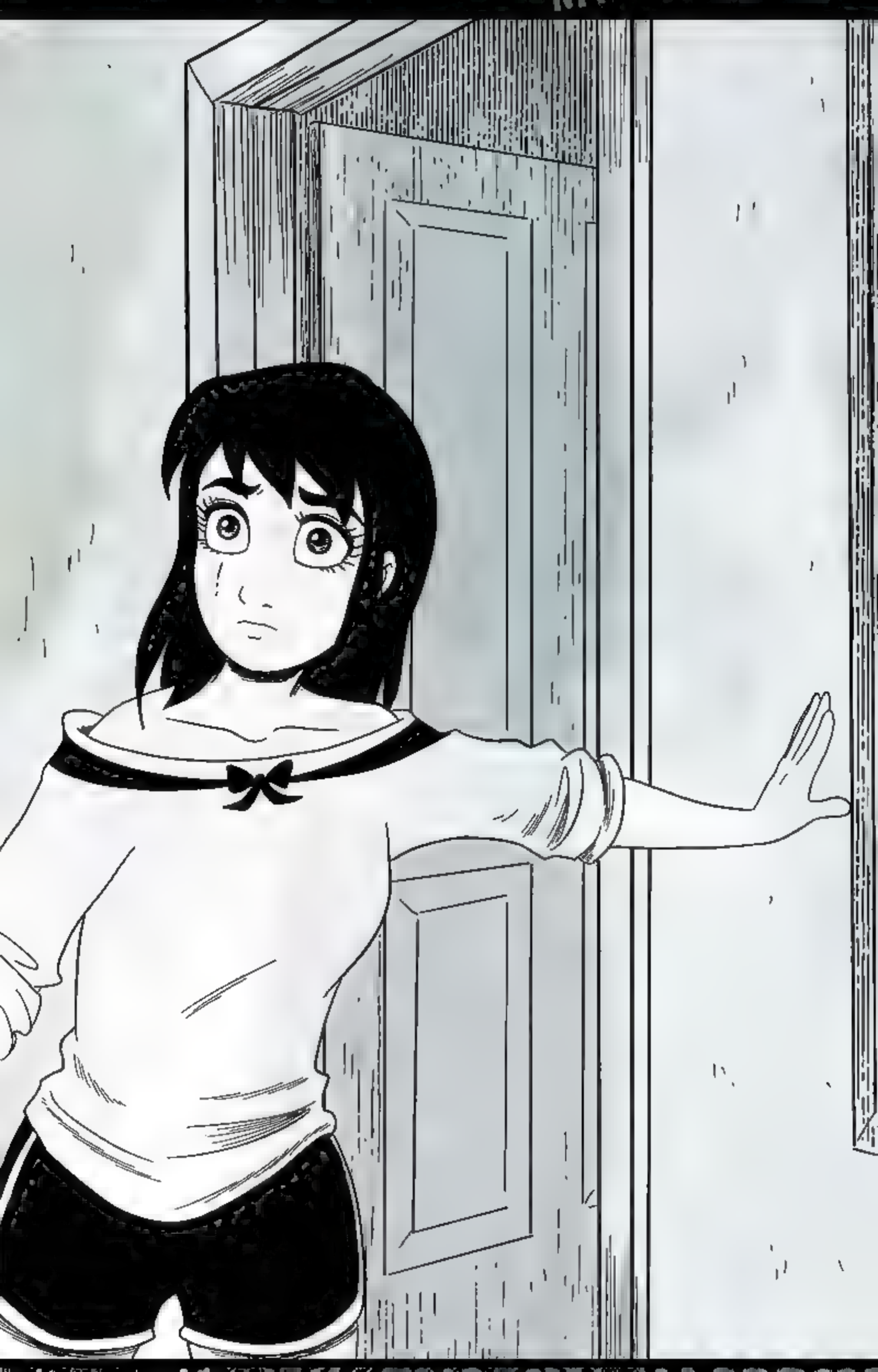
RIIIING...



THAT'S COMING FROM
THE HALLWAY...

KILLING...

KILLING...

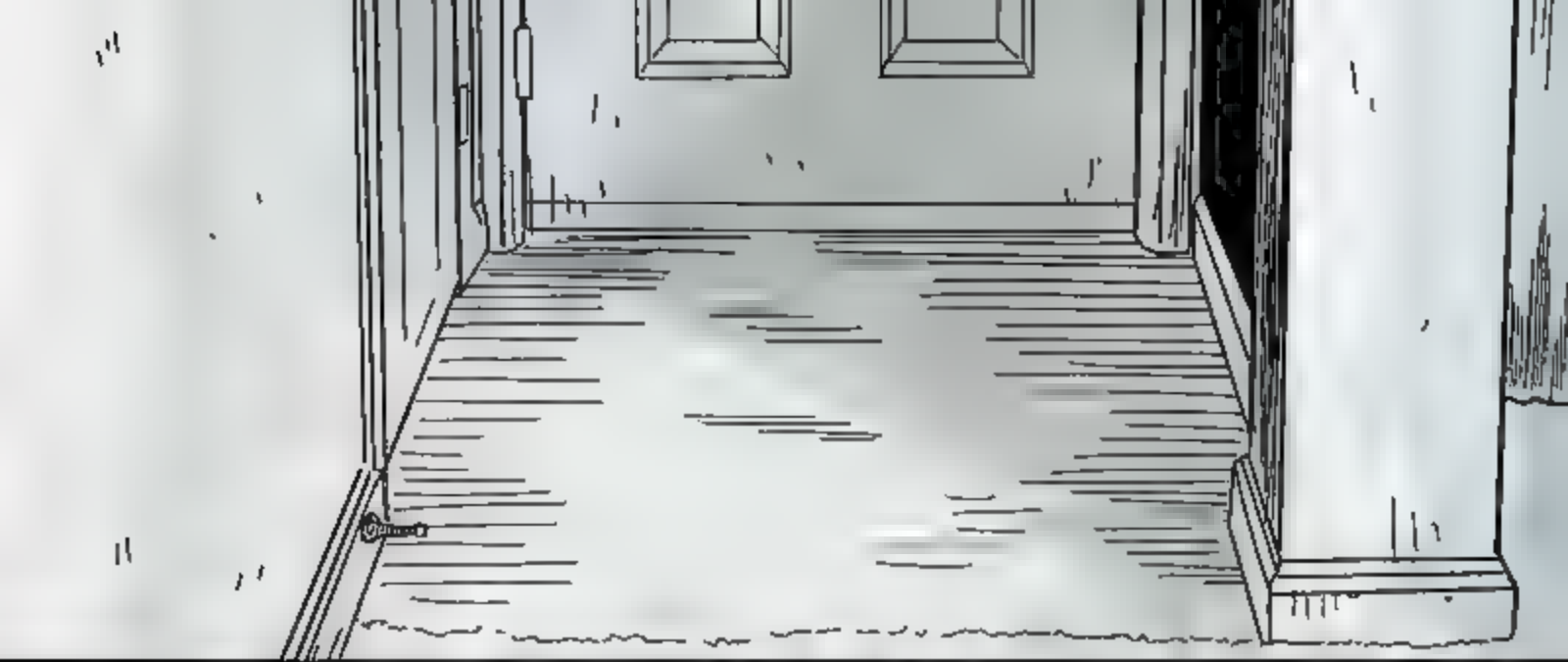


IT'S GETTING
CLOSER...

RIIING...

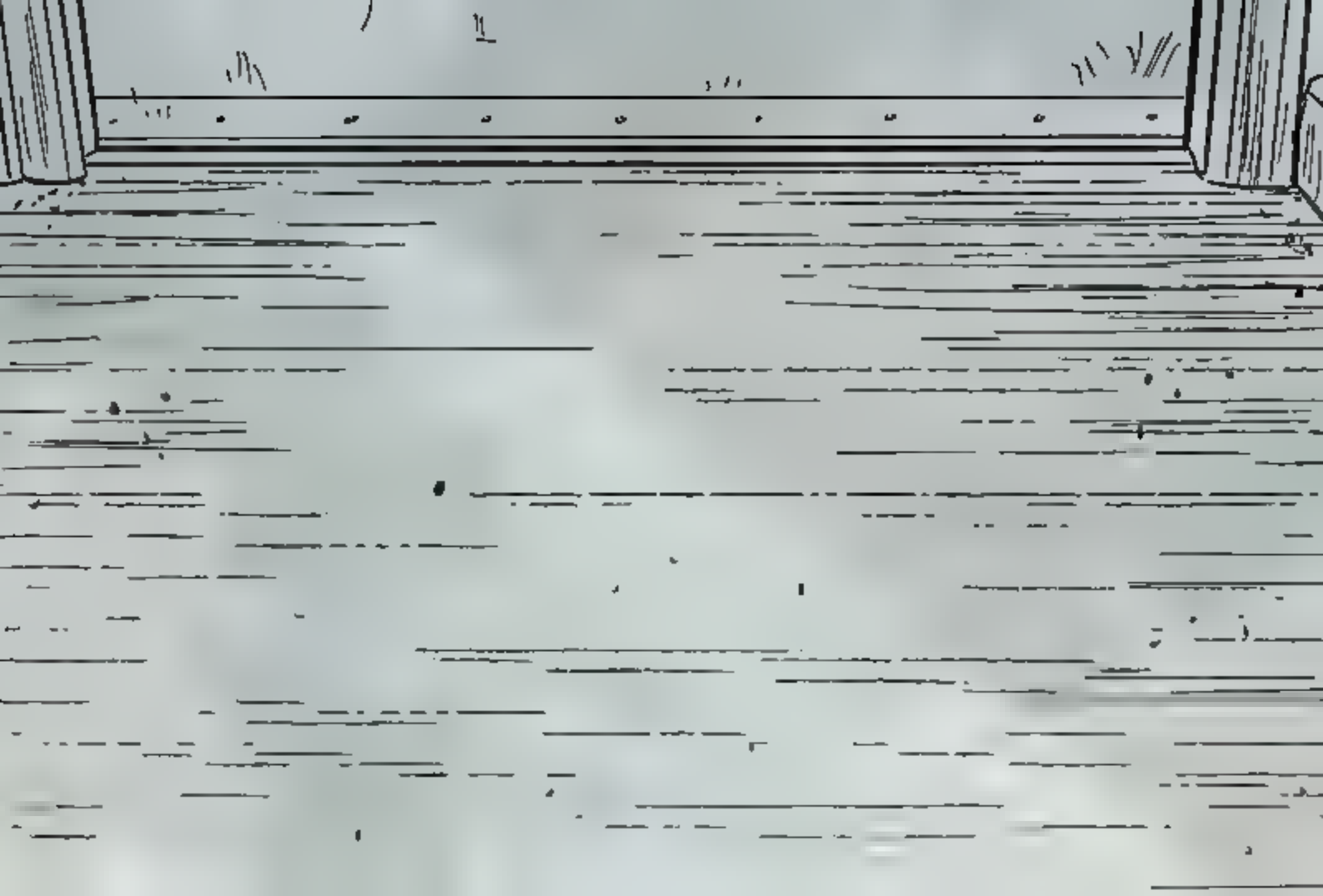
RIIING!





RITTING...





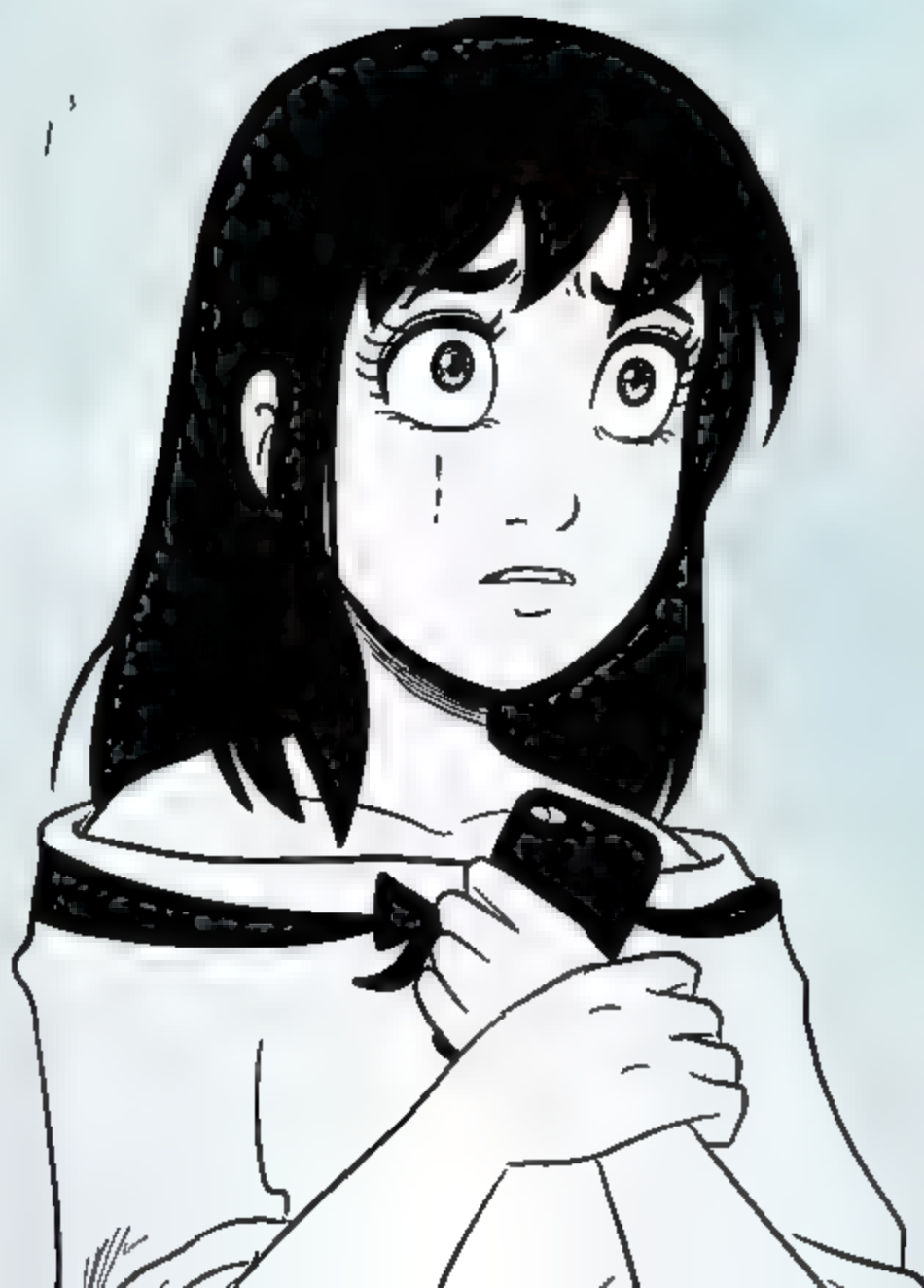


WHY

WHY....

WHY ISN'T HE
KNOCKING?

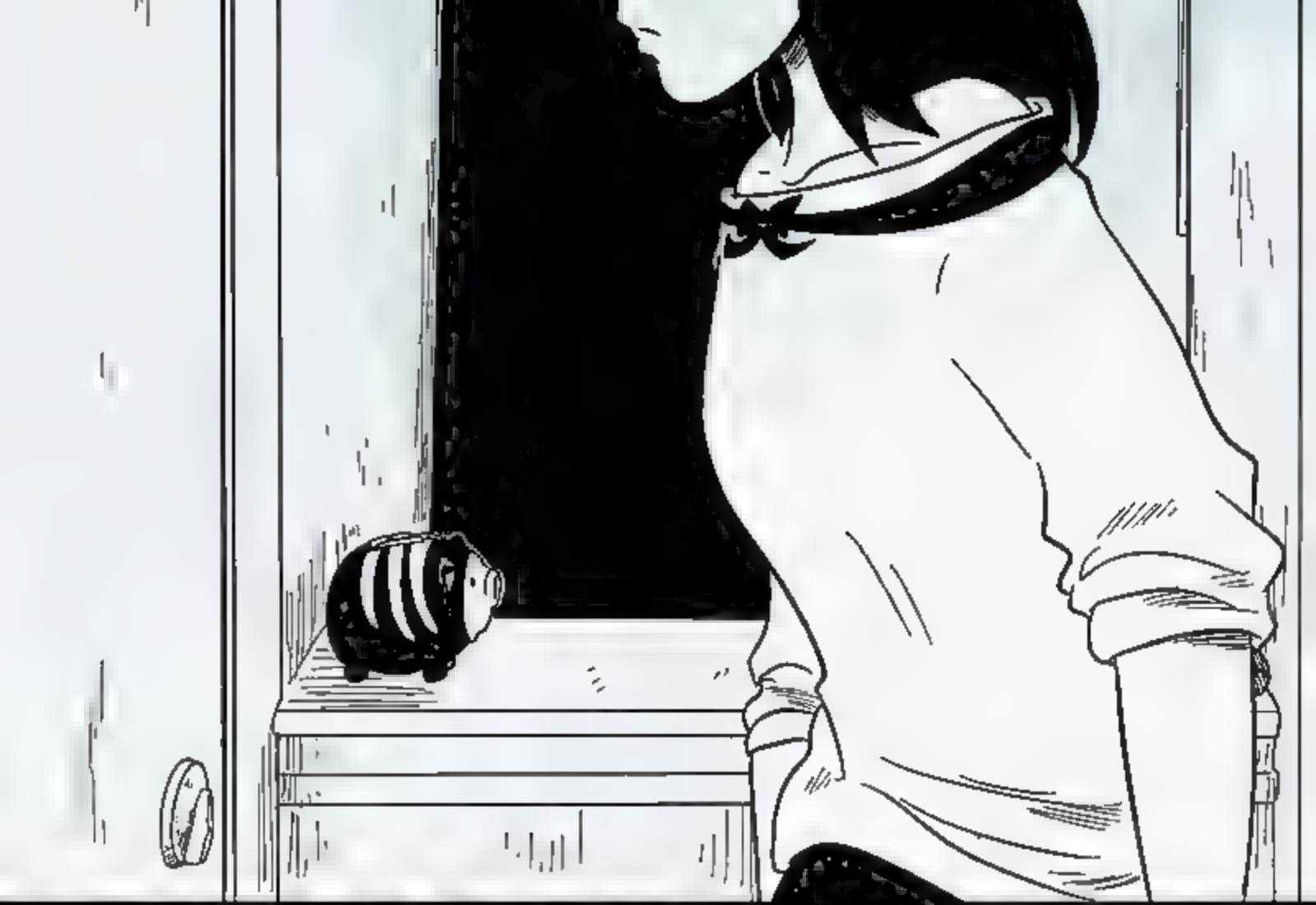
OR ANSWERING
THE PHONE?





WHY DOES THIS
FEEL WRONG?

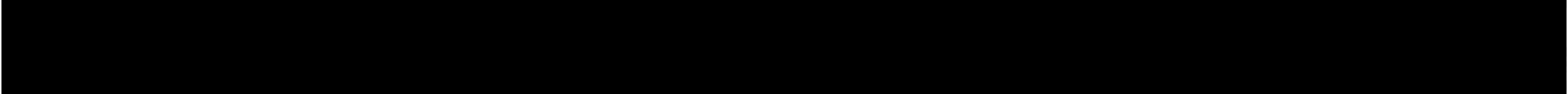




PEEK







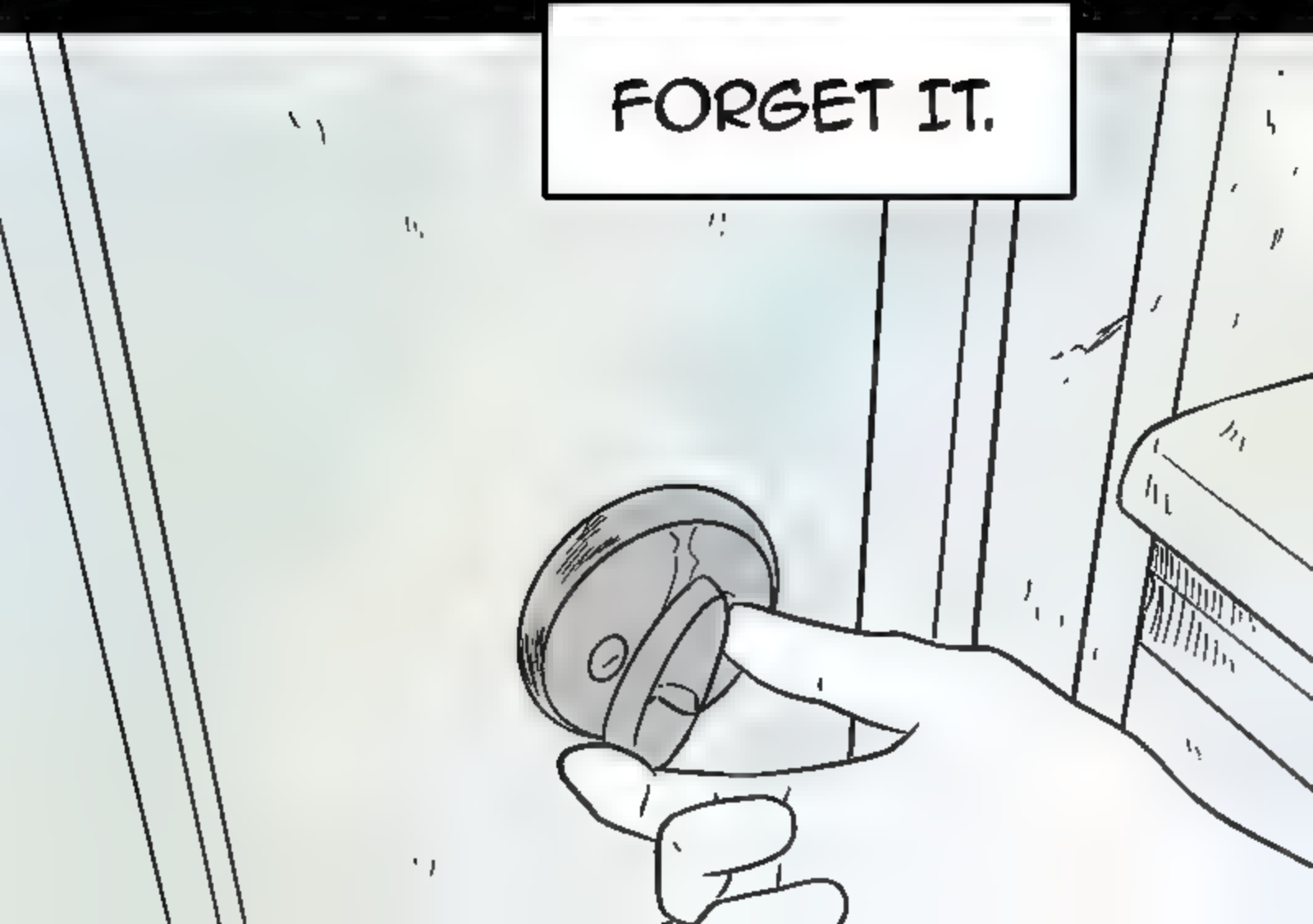
OH THANK
GOD.

IT IS
FELIX.





FOR A MOMENT
THERE, I ALMOST
THOUGHT...



FORGET IT.

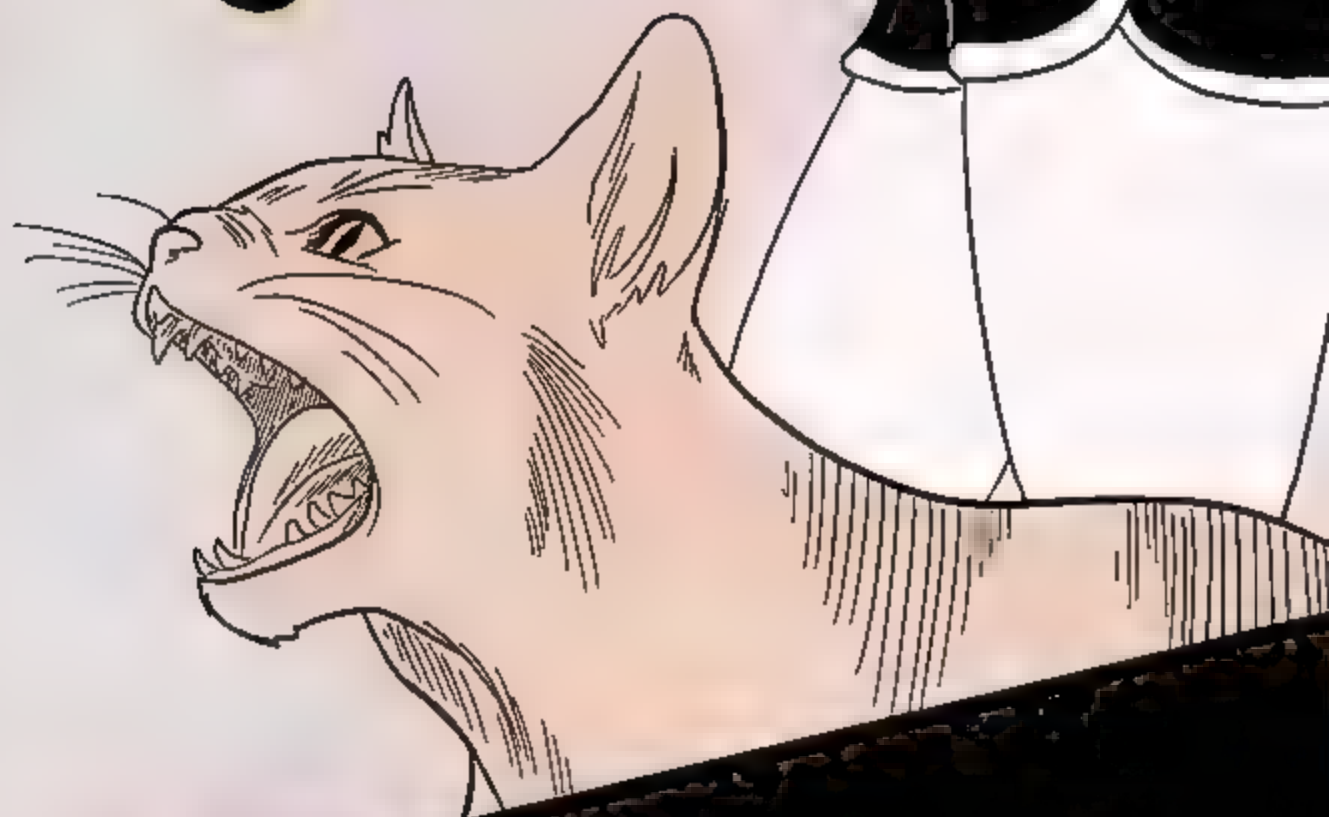


REEEOOOWWW

H
I
S
S

LITTLES?
WHAT IS
IT?

SS



KNOCK

KNOCK

FRANKIE?



HEYYYYY IN
THERE.

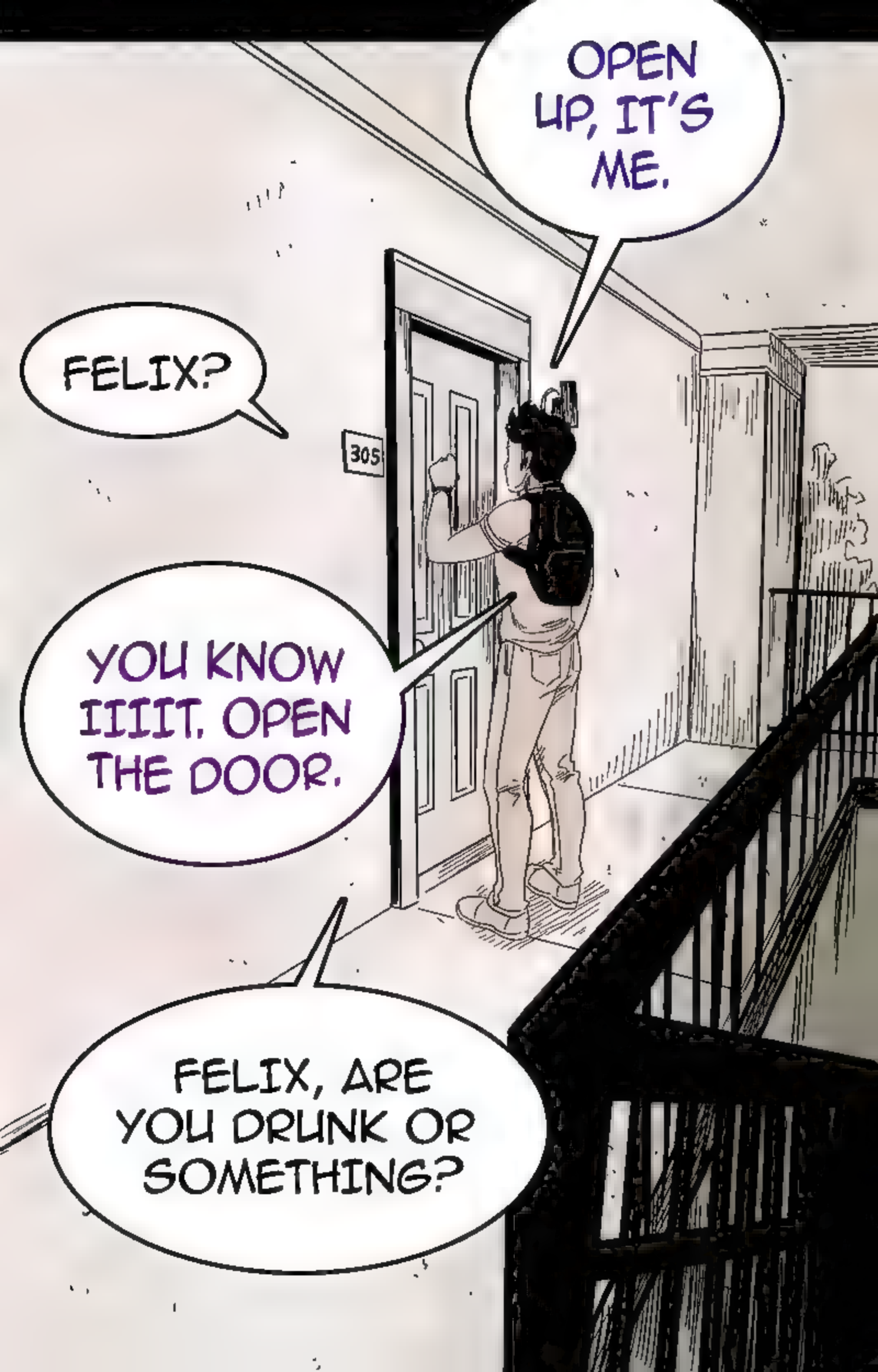
OPEN
UP, IT'S
ME.

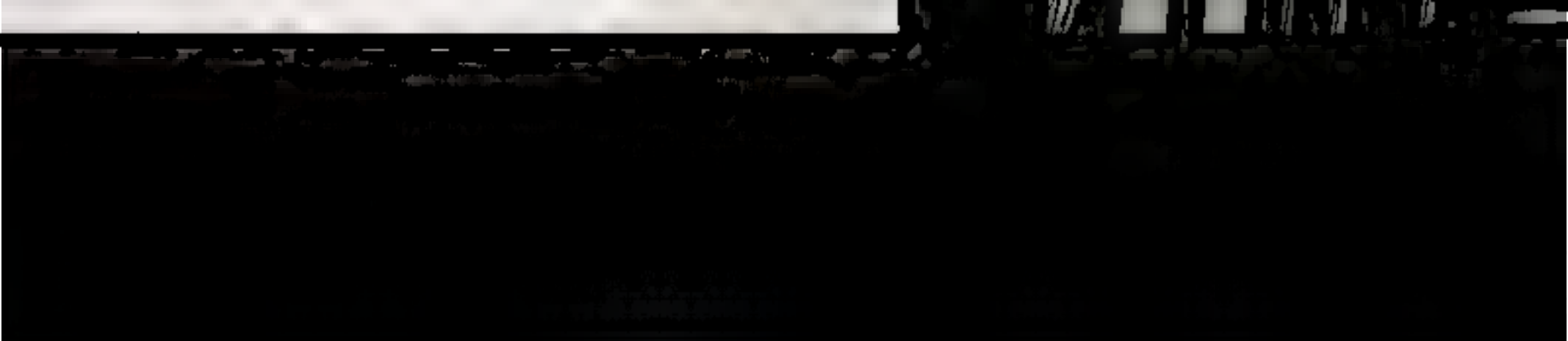
FELIX?

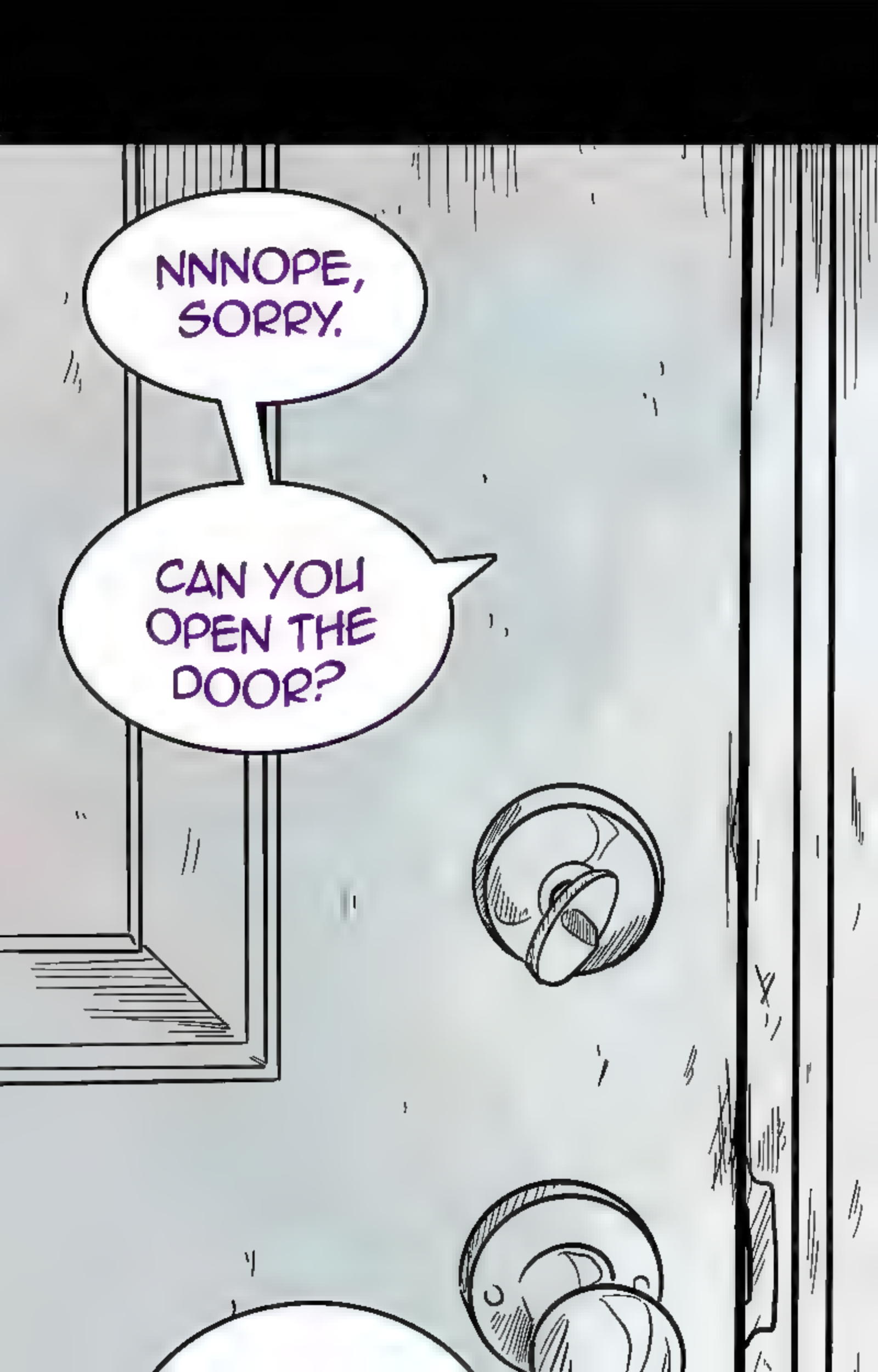
YOU KNOW
IIIIIT, OPEN
THE DOOR.

FELIX, ARE
YOU DRUNK OR
SOMETHING?

305







NNNOPE,
SORRY.

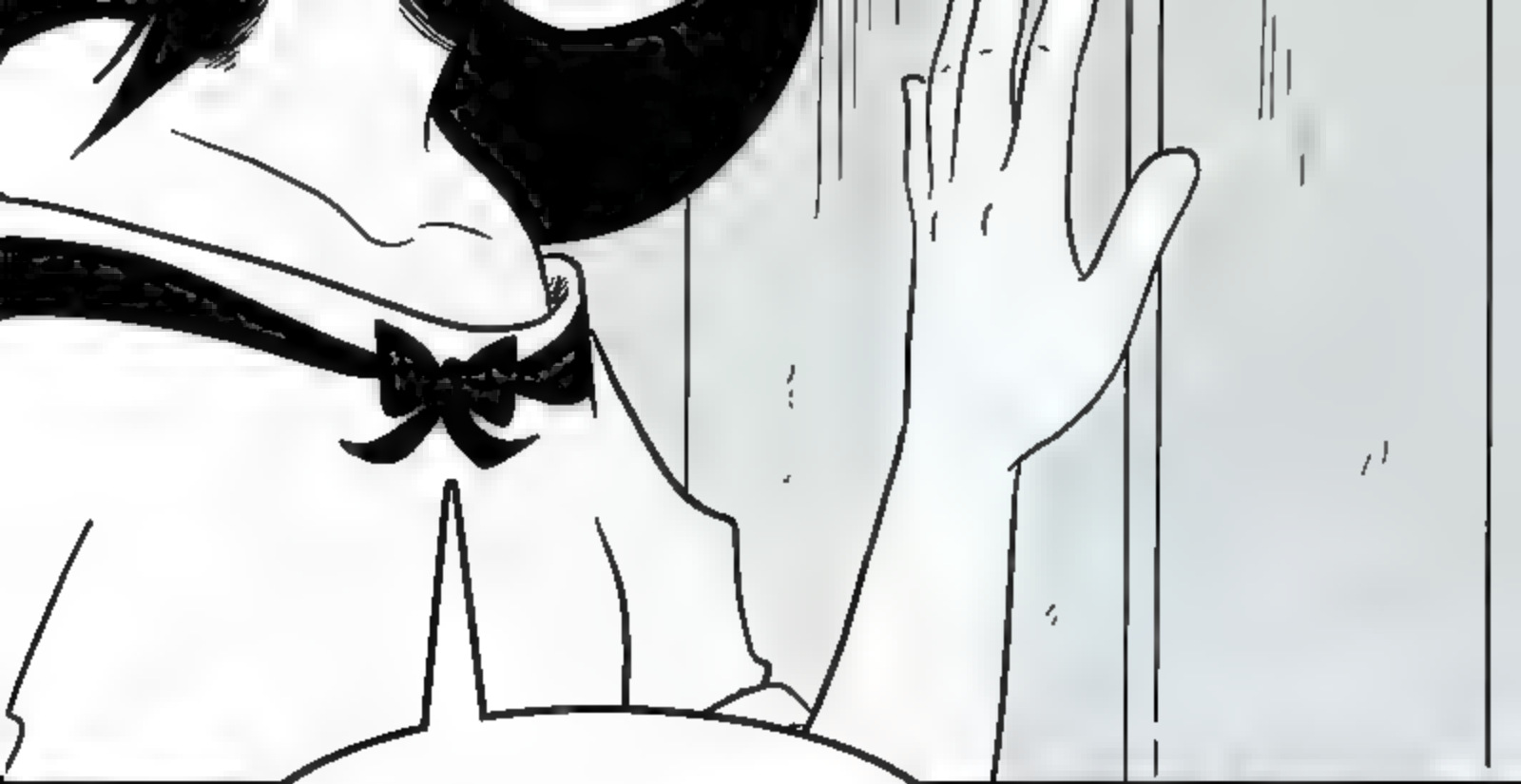
CAN YOU
OPEN THE
DOOR?



I...UH...
WHY DO
YOU SOUND
WEIRD?

BEEN A WEIRD
DAY CHICA, I'LL
TELL YOU ABOUT
IT LAAATER.



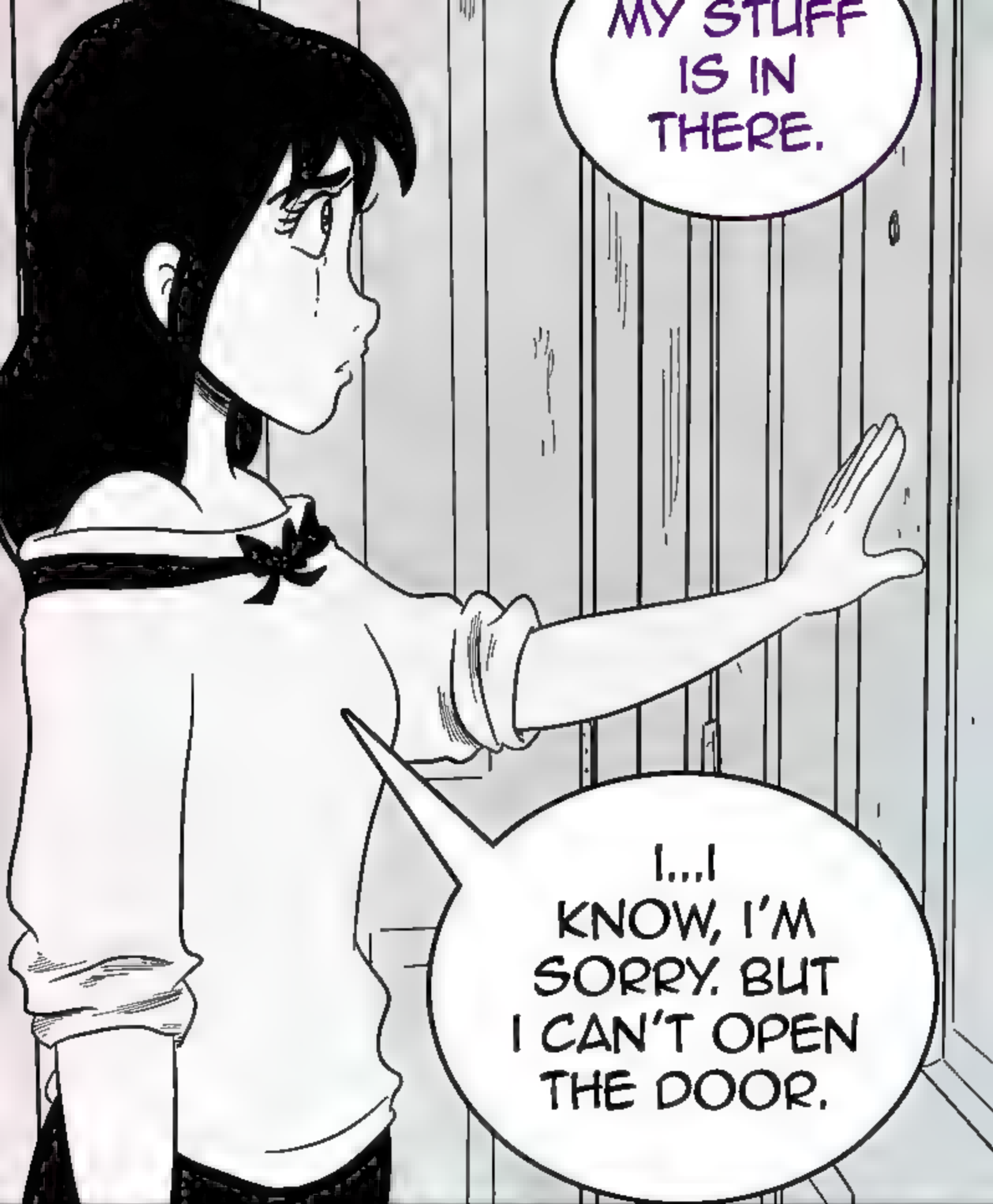


FELIX, YOU...

GO AWAY. I'M
NOT LETTING
YOU IN.



FRAAAANKIE,
WHAT THE
HECK?



MY STUFF
IS IN
THERE.

I...I
KNOW, I'M
SORRY. BUT
I CAN'T OPEN
THE DOOR.

FRANKLETTE,
IT'S JUST ME.

YA BOY FELIX.
JUST OOOPEN UP
ALREADY.

NO.

NO!

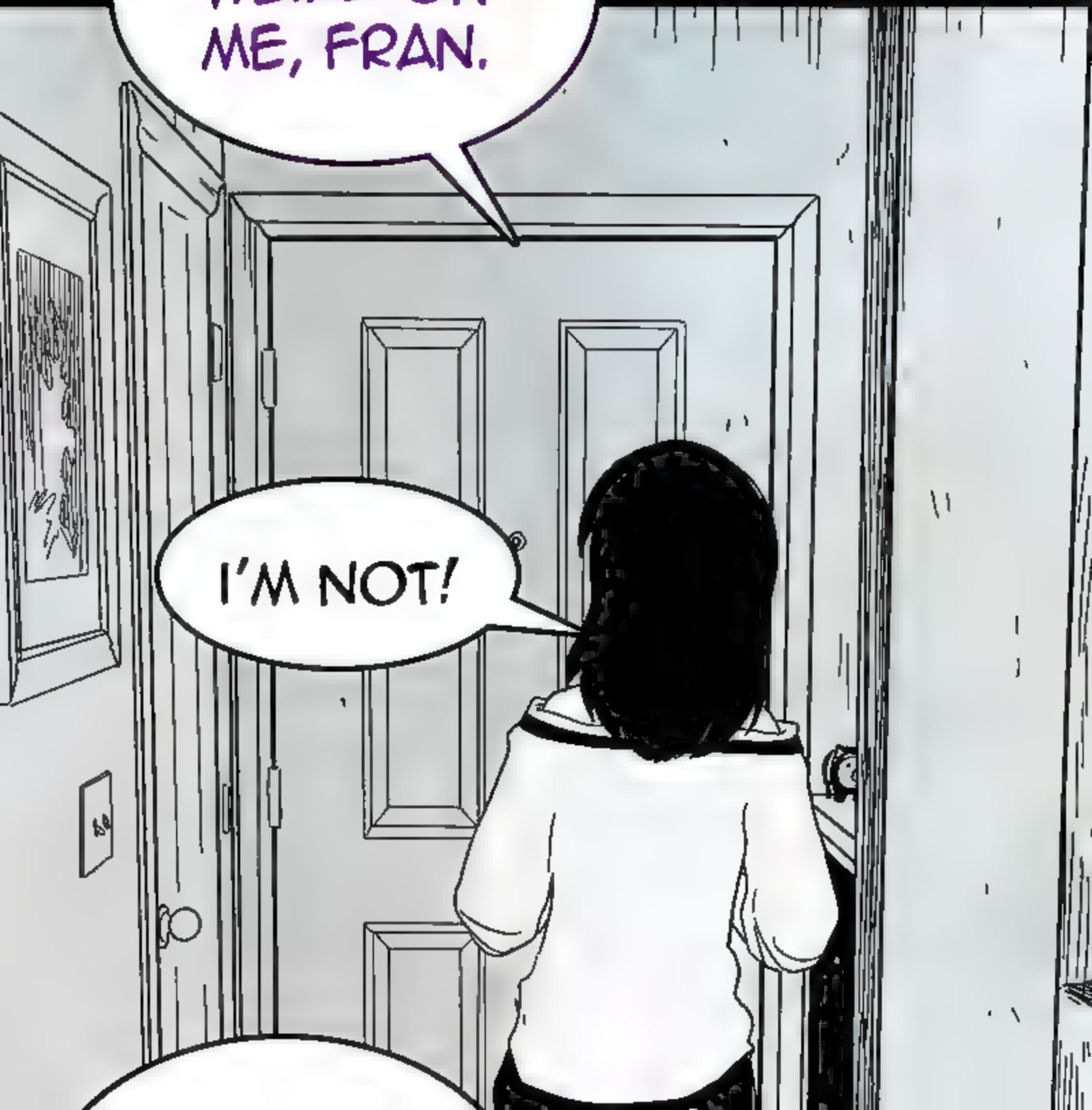
THIS IS

THIS IS
WRONG.

I-I CAN'T-

DON'T BE
WEIRD ON
ME, FRAN.

I'M NOT!



A comic book panel featuring a character's legs and feet. The character is wearing white shorts and white socks with dark shoes. They are standing in a doorway or a narrow hallway. The background is dark and textured, possibly representing a wall or floor. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left and one at the bottom left.

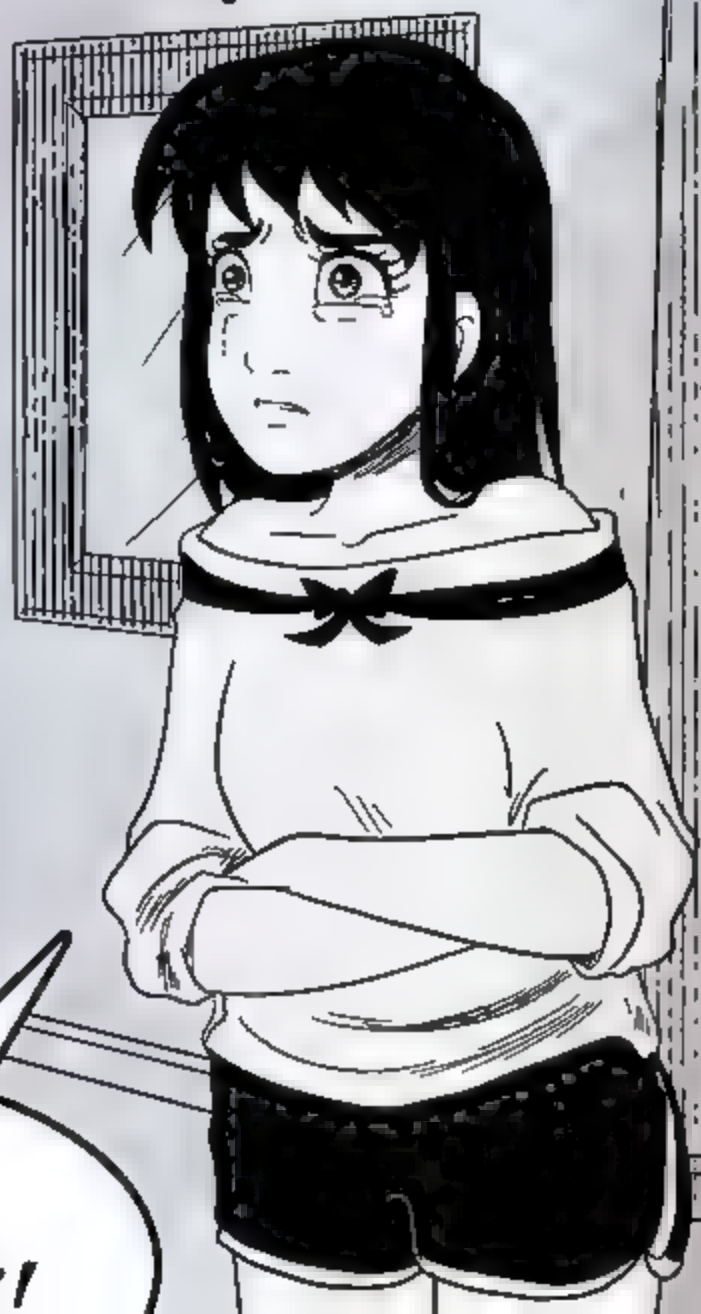
IT'S JUST
ME, I
PRO-OMISE.

YOU CAN
TRUST ME.

FRAAAANNNNKIE,
WHY...WHY...

J-JUST
STOP!

YOU'RE
NOT FELIX!





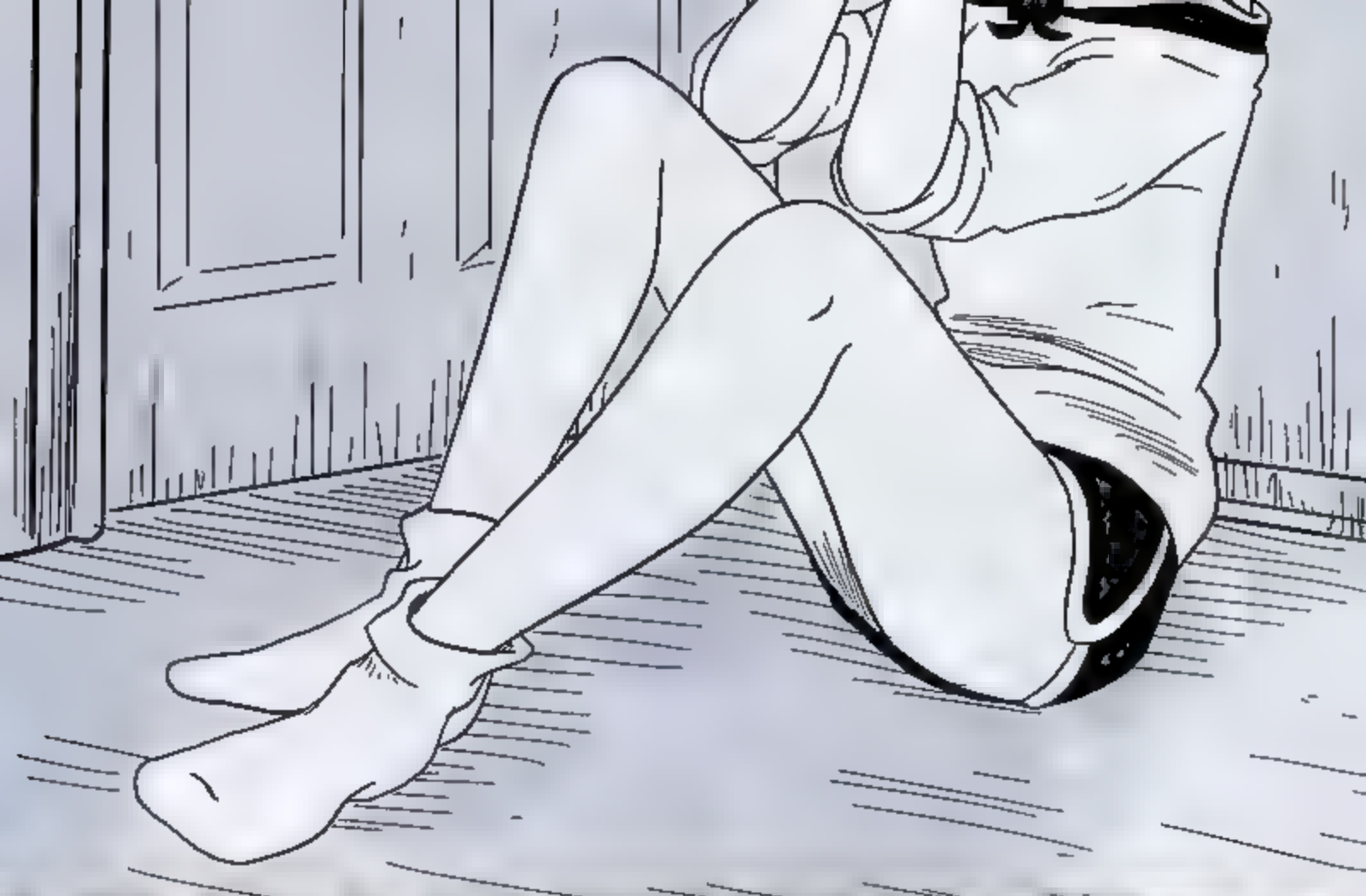
WE ARGUED BACK
AND FORTH THROUGH
THE DOOR FOR A
LONG TIME.

THEN, RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
A SENTENCE, FELIX
JUST TURNED AND
WALKED AWAY.

I COULDN'T
SEE WHERE
HE WENT.

SOB





I THINK
I'M...

I'M
REALLY

REALLY
GOING
CRAZY.







LIGH....

WHERE...



WHA'

HAPPENED?

OWWW,
MY HEAD...



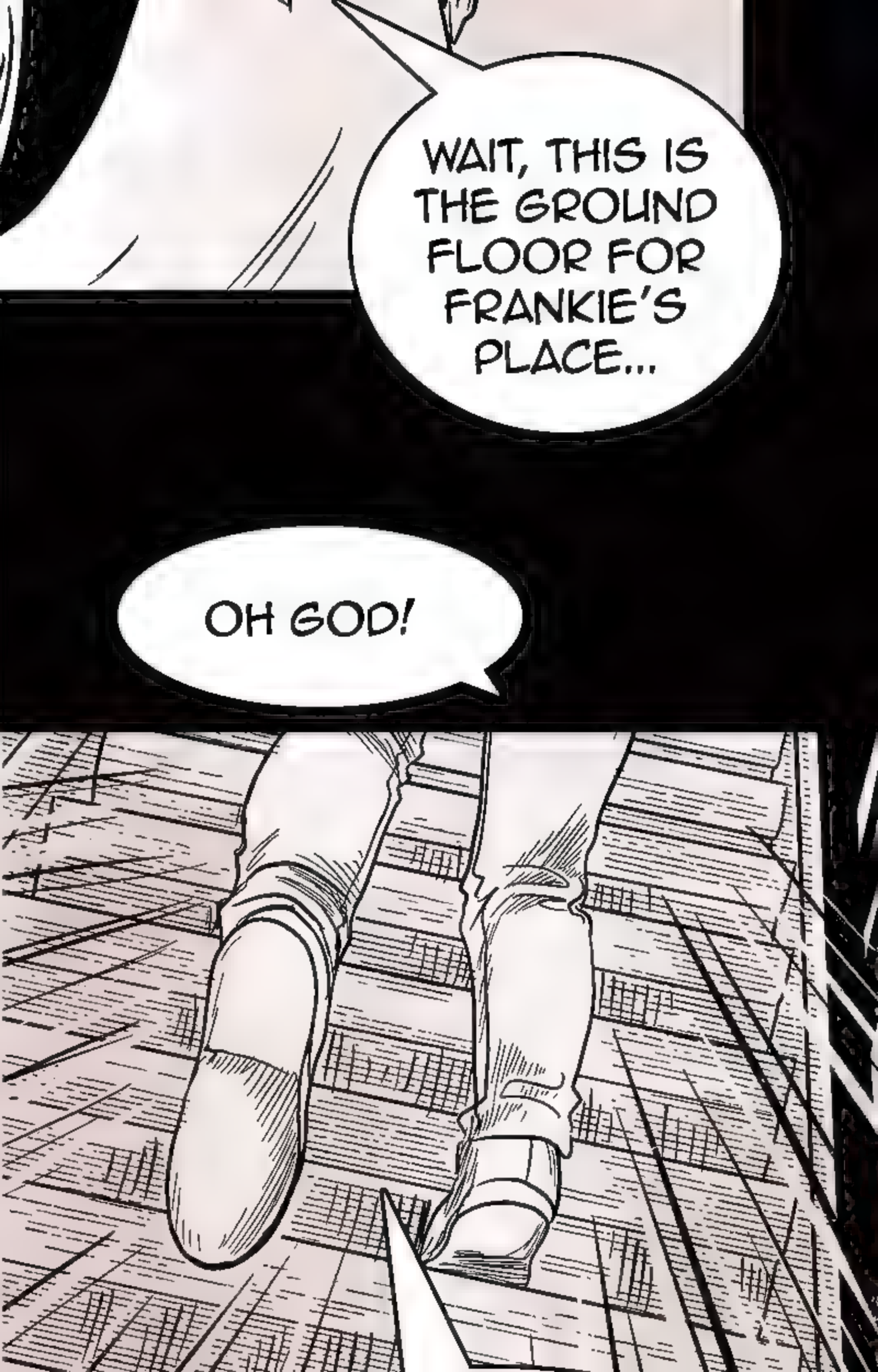
FEELS LIKE
I DRANK A
BUCKET
OF PAINT



THINNER...

AND WOKE UP
IN A GROSS
BASEMENT.



A black and white comic book illustration. The top half shows a person's legs and feet in a dynamic, possibly falling or jumping pose. The person is wearing light-colored pants and dark shoes. The bottom half shows a close-up of the person's feet on a floor made of square tiles. The floor is rendered with a grid of lines and cross-hatching for texture. A speech bubble from the person at the top says, "WAIT, THIS IS THE GROUND FLOOR FOR FRANKIE'S PLACE...". Another speech bubble below it says, "OH GOD!".

WAIT, THIS IS
THE GROUND
FLOOR FOR
FRANKIE'S
PLACE...

OH GOD!

A comic book panel featuring a background of a grid pattern with diagonal lines. A large, white, irregular speech bubble is centered on the page. Inside the speech bubble, the text "FRANKIE!" is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

FRANKIE!

I LEFT HER
ALONE!

FRANKIE,
I'M COMING!

I'M-







